

Good 688 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Picture to Please Tel. William Abrams

HERE is a picture which we feel sure will be prized by Leading Telegraphist William Abrams, of 44, Brougham Street, Gosport.

If it fails to bring an answering smile we shall feel that our photographer has failed in his mission.

Well, Will, it tells its own story, doesn't it?—that your wife is well and happy. That is what she asked us to be sure and tell you when she faced the camera in the garden of No. 44.

We caught her pen in hand, just about to write you a letter, so probably you know all about it by this time and have been looking out for the picture.

She had just received a letter from you on the day we called, and we are sure that that had a lot to do with our being able to get such a happy snap.

She was glad to know that you are well, and we guess she has had quite a lot to say in reply.

Her eyes sparkled when she was telling us all about you—well, perhaps not all—but there is no doubt she is looking forward to the time when you will be able to continue the honeymoon that was interrupted in October last.

Bad luck, Will, for you to leave home so soon after your marriage, but think of the celebration that will be due when you return again. Something to look forward to, eh?

And that's the way your wife feels about it, too, and like a good lass she does not complain. She's made of better stuff than that.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"My work at Haslar Hospital keeps me busy and my mind occupied," she told us, but she did not disguise the fact that she is missing you very much.

We asked about the rest of the family. "Tell him Auntie Lil and Uncle Charley wish to be remembered to him," she replied. "We are always talking about him and we are looking forward to the time when we can welcome him home."

And believe us, Ldg. Tel. Abrams, it's a real pleasure to pass the message on.



Knocker Test for P.O. Jack Highton

THE knocker on the door of your home at 93, Great Mersey Street, Liverpool, 5, is still in good working order. Petty Officer Jack Highton, and the family are just dying for the day when you roll up to test it properly.

Your wife looks really well, Jack. Of course, the big event in June is the most up the good work and help to make her cheerful.

right now. We do believe she too would like a boy jack, so here's good luck and a happy life to the future Robert."

Naturally your wife wants you to know how much she misses you, sends you all her love and says your letters are arriving regularly. So keep up the good work and help to make her cheerful.

Both Cissie and you Pop told us that they will await your homecoming before they celebrate their real V-Day.

By the way, we nearly caught your wife in her dust cap and apron, but she thinks you would rather have her picture like this.

Keep smiling, Jack, and remember—everything is fine at home.

This Was the Plot to Kill Lloyd George

SOMETIMES I think that a good volume could be written, not about crimes that have taken place, but about crimes that have been frustrated. The secrets of most of these attempts, or intended attempts, are chronicled in the archives of Scotland Yard, and it was in a room there that the first hint of the intention to assassinate Lloyd George was whispered.

I got the inner story from the late Sir Basil Thomson, K.C.B. It was into his room that there stepped one morning an intelligence officer of the Ministry of Munitions. This was just before the Armistice of World War No. 1. The main duty of the intelligence officers of the Ministry was to find out any attempts at sabotage and the possibility of strikes among workers.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE was then Prime Minister, and used to play golf at Walton Heath on Saturday afternoons if he could get the time off. And it was there, according to this intelligence officer, that the crime was to be committed; but it was to be done so cleverly that no detection of the criminal would be possible!

The information disclosed to Sir Basil Thomson was, briefly, to this effect: One of the agents of the intelligence officer had, in the course of his duties in a Midland town, become interested in a family consisting of a widow and her two daughters. The elder daughter was married to a chemist in Southampton. The younger was a school teacher.

The three were very militant suffragists. The widow's name was Mrs. Wheeldon, and the younger daughter lived with her. All three were very much opposed to the Government on the suffrage question (and perhaps on other ones, too), and the elder daughter had converted her chemist husband to her way of thinking.

But the plot was that of the mother, Mrs. Wheeldon. And this was the plot.

The chemist son was to supply a bottle of that rare South American poison, curare, which is the deadly stuff used by natives of the Amazon and Orinoco to poison their arrows. There is, as I know, very little chance for a man who has got a touch of that curare in his veins. He generally

dies in agony within a few hours.

The plan of these misguided people was quite simple. Walton Heath golf course had then, at various places, little clumps of bushes. Someone was to lie in wait there—pretending sleep or any other excuse—and when Lloyd George came along during his game this someone was to poke a blow-pipe through

Sir Basil Thomson told me that when he heard the story he was inclined to think it was the work of some highly imaginative person—or else the agent who had communicated it to the intelligence officer was "spinning a yarn." He might, indeed, be the potential criminal who was thus throwing suspicion on a family.

The first thing was to get the name of the agent and of the family concerned. The agent had stated that letters were usually passing between the Wheeldons and the chemist son-in-law, and it was expected that Mrs. Wheeldon was soon to receive the bottle of poison by post.

Scotland Yard could handle that part of the business easily.

When that parcel was opened it was found to contain a bottle of liquid, with instructions for Mrs. Wheeldon to be careful in handling it, and not to allow the contents to come into touch with a sore or cut on her finger, or the result could be death.

With that information the Director of Public Prosecutions leaped up on the horizon, and a conference was arranged.

The result was that while the conference was on the agent who had started the affair by giving information to his Intelligence Officer was also given the once-over.

This agent was brought into the conference room, much against his desire, but he had to come. When he entered, one of the Scotland Yard superintendents present stared at the man. He was a thin, weedy individual. But the superintendent still looked at him, much as a dog looks at a strange rabbit.

Then the superintendent rose and went out. He returned later and bore covered up in his hand two photographs. But he didn't show them just then.

The case went on. The Director of Public Prosecutions gave his word, and before they knew it Mrs. Wheeldon and her younger daughter and her son-in-law were "lifted" by the police and charged with conspiracy to commit murder.

The usual routine followed;

STUART MARTIN

reveals some unpublished facts about the amazing attempt to assassinate Premier Lloyd George which an intelligence officer frustrated

the bush and blow a dart at him.

The dart was previously to be dipped in the poison; and it is a fact that such a wound might not give any more anxiety at time of contact than, say, the sting of a wasp; less, indeed.

The victim would not suffer any pain worth noting, but before long he would be overcome with lassitude. Having had enough golf, he would be driven home "for a rest." He would die, probably in his sleep, and no doctor would be able to find the actual cause. Death would in all likelihood be put down to an apoplectic seizure. And that would be that.

Such a warrant was obtained without any difficulty; and meantime the intelligence officer was asked to find out when the attempted assassination was to take place at Walton Heath. And still Scotland Yard wondered if the fantastic story had any real basis.

Well, a day or two after the warrant to stop the mail was obtained, Sir Basil was handed by his department a photograph of a letter from Mrs. Wheeldon to her son-in-law. That letter was violently abusive of Lloyd George; and there was also a hint in the letter about a parcel.

But this was not enough. You see, Scotland Yard has to examine every angle of a case before it moves. There were still a few possibilities that might explain this letter. The penmanship was not such as is usually the work of a woman, nor was the language used. And if these were the work of a woman, had the agent who reported the plot to the Intelligence Officer acted as a sort of *agent provocateur*, as an inciter to the deed? There was no actual documentary evidence of the plot.

But whatever lay behind the matter, it was obvious that notice had to be taken and action taken to prevent the deed. The life of Lloyd George was at that date very, very valuable to the nation. He was expected to be a big figure at the forthcoming Peace Conference. If anything happened to him the nation would suffer in unimaginable ways, apart from the personal loss to Lloyd George.

The agent who first told of the plot was ordered to come to London, but there was a little delay in this; and in the meantime the Post Office stopped a parcel from Southampton to Mrs. Wheeldon.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gorblimey! Must yer beat time to yer harmonica on this darned thing with yer foot!"

they were ultimately sent to Assizes. The case was proved against them. Mrs. Wheeldon got three years' penal servitude, and her son-in-law was also sent to prison, with her daughter.

I mentioned above the superintendent who stared at the agent. The photographs he had brought into that room were from the photographic department of the Yard. They proved that the agent was not altogether unknown to the police. They had his record. Is there not an old adage about setting a criminal to catch a criminal?

In this case, however, the police did not know until then the identity of their agent; they had to use him, although the police authorities slightly trembled, thinking that his evidence in the box might be severely handled. He got on not so badly.

And that was the end of the plot to kill Lloyd George. No, not quite the end.

The bottle of curare poison is still in existence. It is under a glass cover in the museum of Scotland Yard.

ONE PISTOL WAS NOT LOADED

"BE good enough to indicate to him. Then he placed himself behind one of the sabers." continued Zodomirsky, giving me his Stamm regarded him closely; saber and taking off his coat; not a muscle of Zodomirsky's face "then load, if you please." moved, and there was not about "That is useless," said Stamm. him the least appearance of "I have brought the pistols; bravado, but the calmness of one of the two is loaded, the other courage. has only a gun-cap."

"He is brave," murmured Stamm. "Do you know which is which?" said Pravdine.

"What does it matter?" replied Stamm, "Monsieur Zodomirsky will choose."

"It is well," said Zodomirsky. They were both pale, but while Belayef drew his saber and thrust the eyes of Zodomirsky burned it in the ground midway between the two pyramids. Then he took up his position behind the other saber, in front of his adversary.

Belayef advanced. All eyes were to stand behind a saber, extending his arm at full length. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" he asked.

In this way each had the muzzle of his opponent's pistol at six inches from his heart. While plied Zodomirsky and Stamm Belayef made these preparations together, and each lifted his pistol Stamm unbuckled his saber and divested himself of his coat. His A death-like silence reigned. seconds opened his box of pistols. Only the birds sang in the bushes and Zodomirsky, approaching, took near the place of combat. In the without hesitation the nearest midst of this silence the Major's

Zodomirsky's Duel By Alexandre Dumas

voice resounding made everyone call you out, monsieur," replied example."

Zodomirsky in the same calm voice; "you have wounded me ducted himself as bravely as pos-

by an outrageous comparison, and sible; if he is not killed, it is not

I have been compelled to challenge his fault." Then, turning to the you. Fire, then; I have nothing officers round, he said: to say to you."

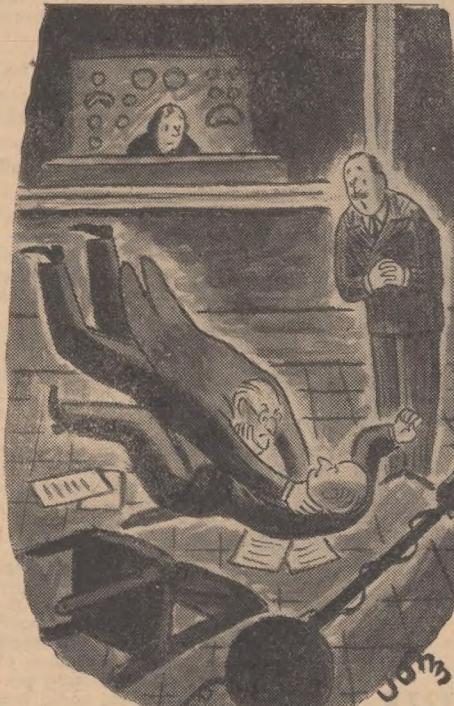
"Can Monsieur Zodomirsky accept the imposed condition?"

"He can! he can!" they cried, and without staining his honor in the slightest."

Zodomirsky stood motionless. "The Captain consents," said old Pravdine, advancing. "Yes,

(Continued on Page 3)

JOKE CORNER



"Gentlemen, please, let's not get too controversial!"



"Alright, sour-puss, that's the last joke I ever tell you!"

QUIZ for today

5. What is the regulation diameter of a tennis ball?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Microscope, Telescope, Stethoscope, Spectroscope, Polariscopic.

Answers to Quiz in No. 687

1. 37½.

2. Paignton.

3. Thrift.

4. Ho-bun.

5. Red.

6. Carron oil is not oil (chemically it is a soap); others are oils.

"I have not been prompt to your patience."

We were all ears.

"I have not come to kill you, monsieur," continued Stamm. "I have come with the carelessness of a man to whom life holds nothing, while it has kept none of the promises it has made to him. You, monsieur, are rich, you are beloved, you have a promising future before you: life must be dear to you. But Fate has decided against you: it is you who must die and not I. Well, Monsieur Zodomirsky, give me your word not to be so prompt in the future to fight duels, and I will not fire."

"I have not been prompt to

EATING THROUGH THE CENTURIES

"TAKE five peacocks, and having boiled them in sweet wine, stuff them with chestnuts and almonds and put all in the oven till brown . . ."

That is the kind of recipe many people conjure up when they think of dinner-time in Tudor England—roughly the whole of the sixteenth century. But such extravagances were not the normal order of things.

They were confined to festivities held by the wealthy classes—when the kitchen was anything but a bird sanctuary.

The cook in a nobleman's house in Tudor days had to know his bird book. Cranes, redshanks, pheasants, bustards, herons, bittern, curlew, wigeon, dotterels, tern and larks appear in the list of fowl prepared for a Tudor feast.

But it was a different story at the ordinary man's home, in town or country.

During the first part of the fifteen hundreds, he did not do so badly, judged by his plight in former days. Meat was becoming a normal part of the menu, and with his "white meat"—milk, cheese and butter from his cow—the village lad was almost as well off as the townsmen.

But in the second part of the century prices rose steadily, unemployment was rife, and, as a consequence, the larder dwindled until in many homes it was bare.

The older inhabitants would think wistfully of those juicy cuts from the joint and tell their children stories of dinners of mutton, beef and lamb that made them open their eyes.

Even in the countryside, the people were so hard hit that they had to give up the family cow and fall back on the coarse bread, the wild life, and the peas and beans of their forefathers.

Starving men and women walked the streets of the towns, relying on charity for what little food they got.

Because of the high prices of meat, fish became much more popular, and the demand for it was encouraged by those who were concerned with the prosperity of the sea fishermen. Special Fish Days were appointed, and it was made illegal to eat meat on them. Heavy fines or three months in jail were the penalties imposed on offenders.

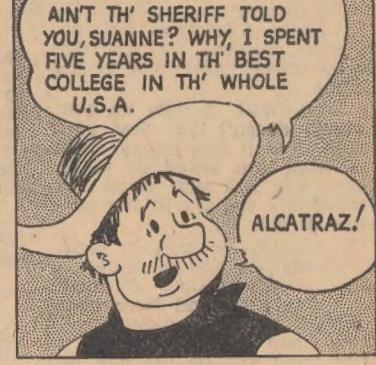
Salt fish, cheese and soups were principal items on the menu in the bad times.

Ale or beer seems to have been drunk at every meal—including breakfast.

With the coming of sugar to England, new sweet-meats and dinner sweets appeared on the table. Before, the cook had had to rely on honey. Marmalade was produced on a wider scale, and fruits preserved with sugar gained rapidly in popularity.

D.N.K.B.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



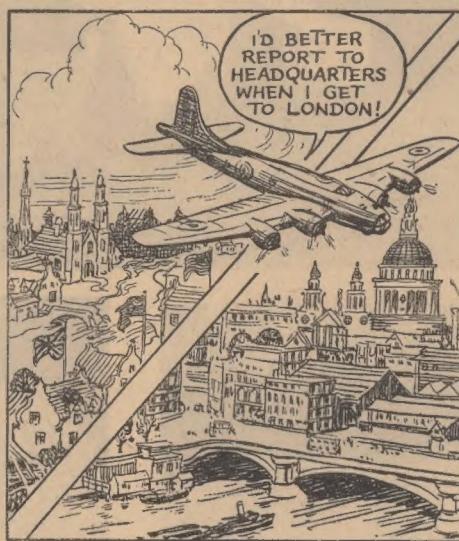
Wangling Words No. 627

1. Cut one letter out of ponder and get skinny.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: Urly-ultsutteterthaneefyison.
3. What common word has GAN for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: That so-called fungus — its name and poisoned me.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 626

1. (C)LIMB.
2. Remember to memorize members' names.
3. AmMONIA.
4. Bather, Bertha.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



D.146

D.146

with you all," replied Stamm. "Choose one among you, and I will fight with him, though it will not be a duel, but an assassination." "Reassure yourself, monsieur,"monsieur, it must recommence, you have deceived Zodomirsky replied Major Belayef; "we will and this time the pistols shall be and his seconds, and, in five do nothing that the most scrupulous loaded, if I have to load them minutes if your dead body is not our honor can complain of. All our lying at my feet, there is no such officers are insulted, for under their uniform you have conducted your self like a rascal. You cannot fight with all; it is even probable He had not bargained for this. If you wish, I will not fight "And if the Captain does not kill you, I will!" said Naletoff. yourself in readiness, then. You are to be judged. Gentlemen, will you approach?

"Then it is with me whom you will fight, Monsieur Stamm," cried one voice all the officers. Pravdine, pulling off his coat. "The devil! I cannot fight (To be concluded to-morrow)

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

County cricket has seen applies to Joe Hardstaff, Jnr., many famous fathers followed whose father, Joe Hardstaff, by equally famous sons. Fred was one of the best of Notting-

Tate, the Sussex and England ham's cricketers during the cricketer, was followed by his County's great days.

Now the young son of Herbert Sutcliffe, "Prince" to Jack Hobbs when they were England's greatest-ever open-

ing pair, promises to become a possible Test Match player like his father.

Already, at Lord's he has displayed a natural skill that has caused many an expert to see in him Herbert Sutcliffe all over again. Time will tell whether or not they are correct

Gas Lamps

HOW many old-fashioned gas lamps are there in the streets of London, would you say? Close your eyes and guess, before you pass on to the answer.

About two or three hundred? A thousand or so? Well, say ten thousand to allow for some of the back streets and alleys!

You're a long way out. There are roughly sixty thousand in the great city, and for all its slick splendour, Piccadilly has them within a stone's throw.

You can find them in or around Whitehall, Aldwych and Fleet Street, and, of course, by the hundreds in the side streets of the Boroughs.

Before the start of the war there were some 400 lamp-lighters on the staff of the Gas, Light and Coke Company, and thirty-six of them had the job of turning on, or off, the 3,000 gas lamps not controlled by a central switch or clock in the London streets.

They went round with a seven-foot pole with a light at the end kept flaming by a little oil reservoir.

With a poke of the pole, the gas tap on each lamp was knocked on and the gas jet ignited by the little torch.

The lamp-lighter was an eagerly awaited visitant of the twilight when I was a boy, but I did not realise that he was still to be found in the centre of London until I took the trouble to find out.

D.N.K.B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

WEFT	GUARDS
ECLAIR	POOP
TRIG	ESTATE
HUM	GET DAD
E	STATUS G
ROYAL	PIPES
WEB	PLAICE T
OLD	ROE
AROUND	PUPA
IDOL	EVOKED
TOTTER	DENY

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9		10		11		12	
13			14	15			
	16			17	18		
19			20	21			
	22	23			27	28	29
24	25	26					
30		31	32				
33	34	35					36
37	38	39					
	40						41

CLUES ACROSS.—1 York-shire river. 4 Brief county. 9 Woolly animal. 11 Lover. 13 Chief citizens. 15 Cried. 16 Played piano. 18 Islet. 19 Dog. 20 Force. 22 Substantives. 24 Weapon. 27 Big town. 30 Explosive sound. 31 Front of building. 33 Kind of collar. 35 Be contrite. 37 Proportion. 39 Let. 40 Ship's spar. 41 Limb.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Tree. 2 Serf. 3 Eskimo canoe. 4 Fish. 5 Male title. 6 Bend. 7 Daub. 8 Earthenware. 10 Space of time. 12 Poem. 14 Temporal. 17 Put on. 19 Hot. 21 Get away. 23 Colloquial money. 25 Jet. 26 Detects. 28 Perfect. 29 Verbal form. 32 Gael. 34 Pinch. 36 Sheep. 38 If not.

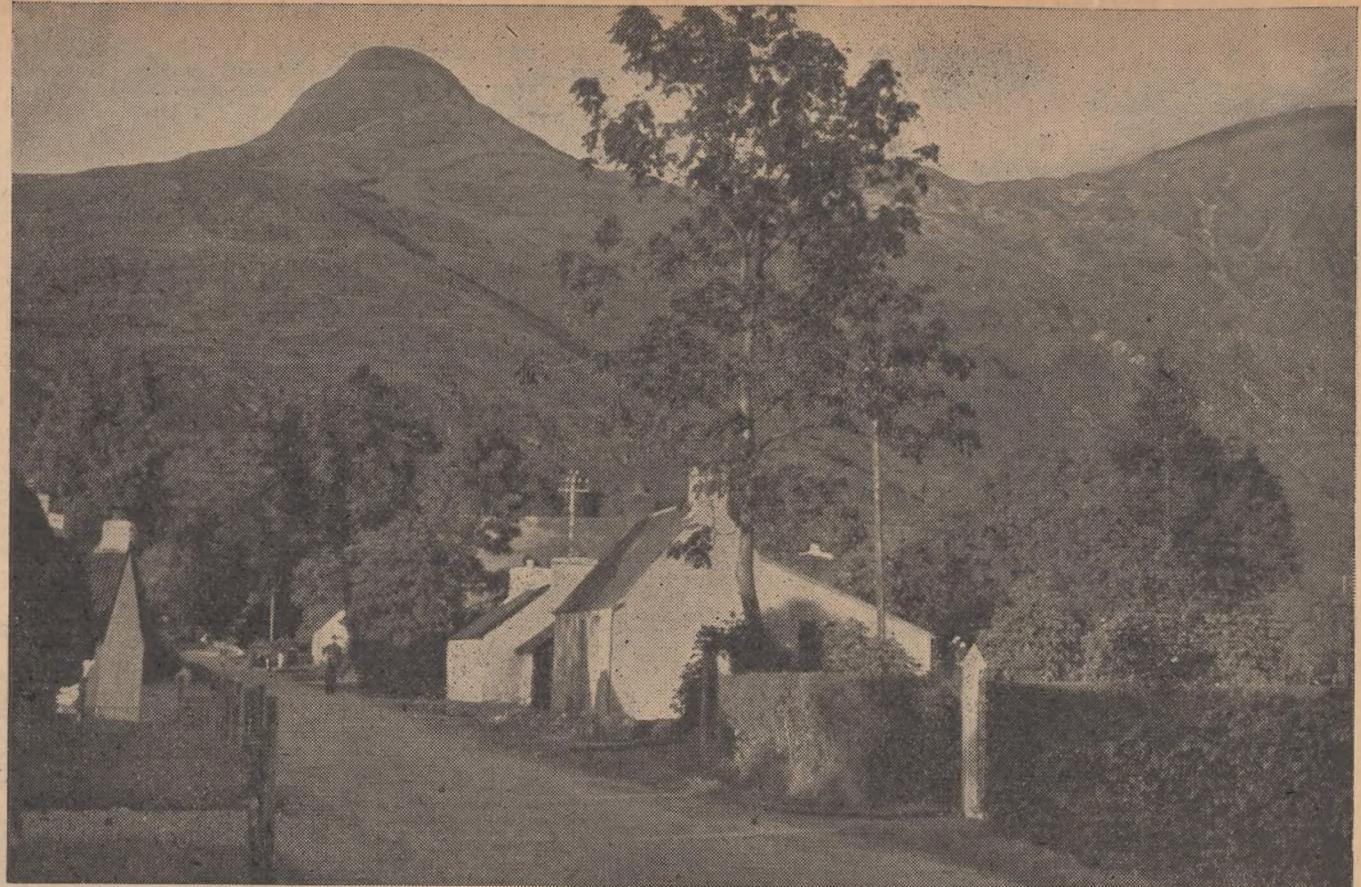
**Good
Morning**

WHERE PEACE AND TRANQUILLITY REMAINS



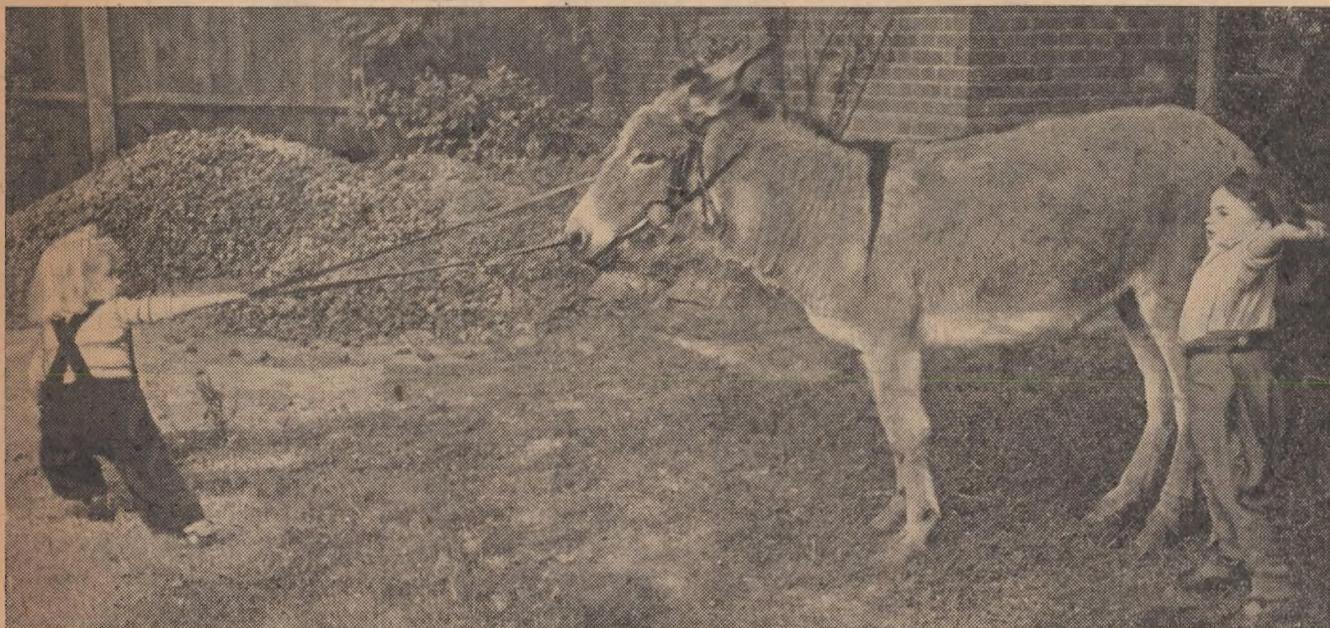
Beauty and the Monument

Jean Crain, of Century-Fox, hangs on to a lamp-post in Hollywood just to let the photographer bring out the light and shade. Now, if only we were the lamp-post we'd tell her to get closer—just for the view.

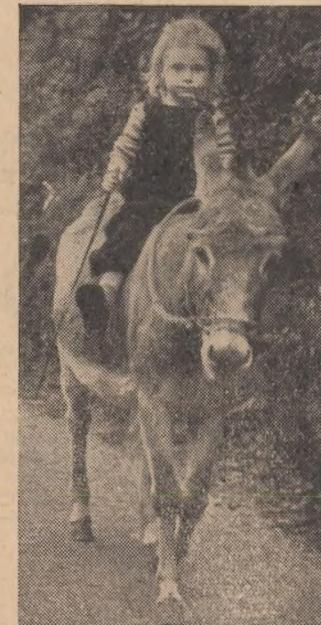


Rugged, stark, rises the Pap of Glencoe, above the village of Invercoe, Argyle, Scotland, ever memorable for the massacre that took place in the Glen.

"Now, that's a nice Neddy, I know you'll be reasonable and do as I tell you—and as for you, girl, get out from underneath and watch me drive him—"



"All right, kid, you have a go, and I'll push, and if he's still stubborn I'll twist his tail, the silly ass—"



"Of course, I'll go now you've let my tail alone. Think I'm a donkey, do you?"

"There! So you won't come huh? I'll pull the blinkin' head offen you. I'll show you who's boss—"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Silly sort of tale, seems to me"

